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Summary: Steve thinks this is the Victorian era, Nancy is confused and 100% done, and Mike and Dustin have harpsichord duets. Also Steve has a parasol. Feat. Victorian!Well-mannered!Mom!Parasol-wielding!Steve

Victorian Steve

One quite lovely day, Steven Harrington went on an elegant stroll through his garden.

"My, my, my," he said daintily, "how the blossoms are blossoming ever blossoming." He was quite fond of this garden, it always put him in a cheery mood.

Oh, how he loved to admire his flowers. Butterflies would flutter around them gracefully, hummingbirds danced gleefully. What a beautiful time to be alive. And not dead like a lot of the people he knew. They engaged in battles with demonic forces of some sort. Something odd was happening in his city. But never would that be the lifestyle he led. He'd much rather spend the day playing chess or practicing viola than slaying monsters and exploring other dimensions. He swore he was done dealing with the world's supernatural elements for good.

Suddenly, he became lost in his thoughts. And while trapped inside of his mind, he had clumsily stepped into a muddy patch in his garden. "Oh no, it does appear I've stepped in the mud. My poor loafers and stockings, how muddy they are! What an unfortunate dilemma! How foolish and clumsy of me!"

Then, gliding gracefully through the brass garden gates of Master Harrington's humble manor, appeared Miss Nancy Wheeler, her brunette hair gorgeously ornamented with the curls that rested just below her shoulder.

"Oh, good afternoon, Lady Nancy! I'm glad to see you've arrived."

"Steve whut the hek ar you doing, why ar you wearing muddy victorian era clothing and holding a parasol and why is there Mozart music blasting loudly through your boom box?"

"For you m'lady." he politely presented the delicate lace parasol to her with a bit of a curtsy. "And I do beg your pardon, but that masterpiece of a composition you just witnessed was by Bach."

"Omg Steve seriously what the hek"

"I'm only trying to be a gentleman, Lady Nancy. Could I interest you in some tea? Or perhaps I could saddle up the horses and we could go for a ride?"

"Ugh steve you're such a child. I'm so glad I broke up w/ you. I just came to pick up Mike."

"Ah yes, Michael. What a charming young lad he's growing up to be. He should be just inside, finishing his harpsichord lessons." He gestured toward the elegant twin French doors that led to the inside of his charming chateau.

"Harpsichord? I sent him over here so you could watch him and the other kids, not make them learn some corny instrument."

"Begging your pardon once again, M'lady, but the harpsichord is one of the most divinely prestigious forms of music to grace this Earth. He's thriving in it. Why, he and Master Henderson are almost ready for their concert."

"You got a bunch of middle schoolers to willingly sit down and learn to play the harp?"

"No, no, the harpsichord. Although, now that you mention it, William is quite the natural in the art of harp-plucking. He and Miss Maxine are going to provide harp backup for the concert this Saturday. And Master Sinclair will be providing vocals. He's quite the tenor. I do hope you'll come?"

"Ugh why u do this to me steve i dont wanna see some lame concert in your backyard"

"I think you've misunderstood. We've been invited to perform at Carnegie Hall. I'm quite proud of my pupils, and I'm sure they'd be delighted if you'd attend."

"Forget it, id rather go on a date with jonathon on satruday."

"Oh, Master Byers? William's older brother, yes, he makes quite the photographer. Why, he's agreed to attend and take our portrait on the

stage after the concert. You must join us."

"Ugh forget this i nevr shouldve let any of you losers in my life" she threw her parasol down not-gracefully.

Steve stared in horror.

How could she risk getting such finely-woven lace all full of the mud and debris that made up the ground?! Not to mention the stains that would be left on there by the... GRASS (Steve had an especially strong hatred for grass, he didn't know why, but it disgusted him.) "Oh grass, how you disgust me," he whispered to himself.

Nancy began to storm off.

"Miss Nancy, where are you going?" queried Steve.

"The upside down! It may be scary and dangerous and have like a 95% death rate, but it sure beats hanging around here with you creeps."

"Oh, okay. But do be a lady and remember me. Perhaps bring me back a souvenir."

"What u mean like the corpse of barb LOL"

"GASP MADAM NANCY, PARDON ME FOR SAYING THIS, BUT THAT JOKE WAS EXTREMELY INSENSITIVE. AND WHILE YOU MAY HAVE INTENDED FOR IT TO BE LIGHTHEARTED, IT CAME OFF AS UNCARING AND COLD."

"Omg steve lighten up she was *MY* best friend, I think that gives me the right to exploit her death and talk about her in vain."

"Oh, alright, if you insist. Well then, farewell, Miss Nancy. I do hope our paths cross again."

"yeahhh dont count on it bozo" she stormed off for real this time.

"Oh, that's quite a shame," Steve uttered, "seems she's forgotten to retrieve her brother. I guess I'll have to take him under my wing. He

can be my ward! What a fine pupil he makes, and an even finer son
he shall be!"